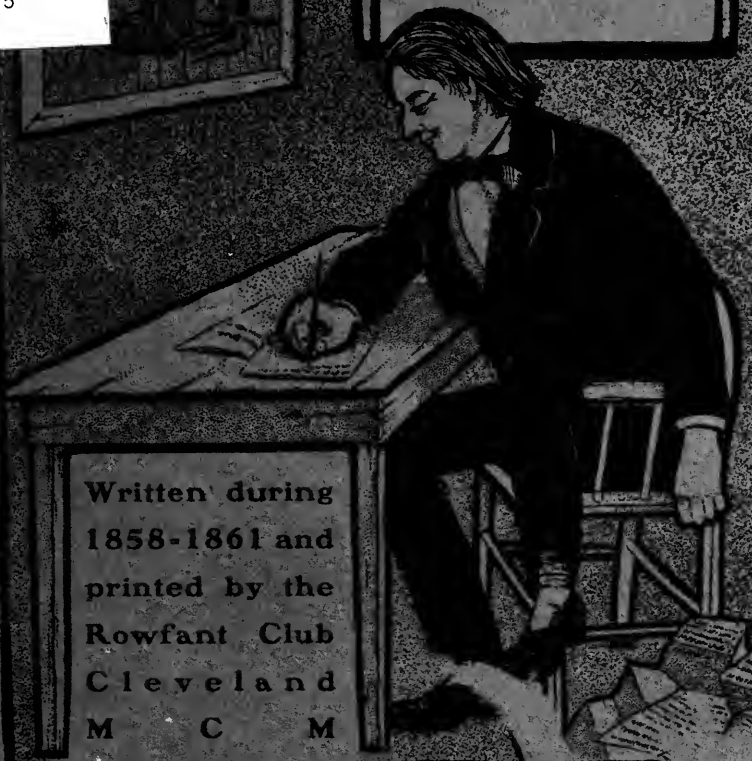


LETTERS
O F
ARTEMUS
WARD
T O
CHARLES
WILSON

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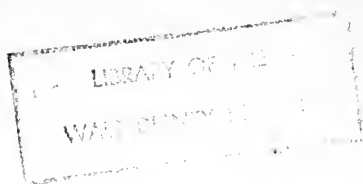
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FROM
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*An edition of one hundred and nineteen copies
printed in the month of June, 1900,
this being number*

15.



*Yours till death,
Artemus Ward.*

LETTERS

OF

ARTEMUS WARD

[Browne, Chas. Farrar]

TO

CHARLES E. WILSON

1858-1861



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Introduction

Introduction

CHARLES F. BROWN ("Artemus Ward") was born in Waterford, Oxford County, Me., in 1833. After obtaining such education as the schools in his vicinity afforded, he went to Norway, Me., to learn the printer's trade.* He did not complete his apprenticeship there, being of a roving disposition. He worked for a time in a printing office at Skowhegan and at Gardiner, Me., and later drifted down to Boston where he obtained a situation in the com-

*See note at the end of introduction.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

posing room of the *Carpet-Bag*, published by Benj. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington.) While employed in this office he wrote his first article of any pretensions, and shoved the copy under Shillaber's sanctum door. He was very much gratified, a few days later, to see the copy come into the composing room to be "set up"; and being thus encouraged he wrote another article which he told me was rather historic in character, making no attempt to be funny. Neither of the articles was signed, but Shillaber was satisfied that they were written by someone in the office, and accordingly made inquiries resulting in Brown's acknowledging that he wrote them. Shillaber patted him on the back, metaphorically speaking, told him he manifestly had ability, and

encouraged him to make literary work a study and profession. After leaving the *Carpet-Bag* office he tramped west, bringing up after a while at Cincinnati, where, I think, he worked for a short time on one of the Cincinnati papers. Noticing one day an advertisement in one of the local papers, "School-teacher wanted" from some small place over in Kentucky, not far from Cincinnati, he answered it and secured the position, but only taught the school one week. There were several big boys in the school, and he learned from local gossips that these young toughs had *licked* every schoolmaster that had attempted to "keep school" there for several years previous. As Brown was not very robust and had never learned the manly art of self-defense,

*Letters of
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Ward*

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Ward*

he concluded that the climate of that Kentucky village would not exactly suit him. At the close of school Friday night he packed his scanty wardrobe in an old fashioned carpet-bag, and without waiting to collect his week's salary, he started early Saturday morning for Cincinnati. He did not remain there long, however, but pushed along up the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton R. R., stopped a short time in Dayton and from thence on to Springfield, where he obtained a situation as compositor, remaining there several weeks. His next stopping-place was at Toledo, where he obtained a situation as a market reporter on the Toledo *Commercial*. It was on this paper that his work as a writer really commenced. When James D. Cleveland

left the *Plain Dealer* to become assistant clerk of the United States District Court, we cast about to find someone to succeed him. We had noticed some of Brown's items in the *Commercial*, and at Mr. Gray's suggestion I wrote him, offering him the position of local editor on the *Plain Dealer* at *ten dollars a week*. He accepted the offer and came to Cleveland at once. This was I think in 1857 or '58. He did not write his first Ward letter until he had been on the *Plain Dealer* a year or more. This letter was copied by newspapers generally all through the country, which encouraged him to write succeeding ones.

*Letters of
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Ward*

CHAS. E. WILSON.

Hartford, Conn., March 3, 1900.

Note



Note

(Copy of a communication from Dr. J. C. Gallison of Franklin, Mass., to the Norway (Maine) *Advertiser*—the newspaper on which Chas. F. Brown (Artemus Ward) learned to set type. Dr. Gallison was contemporary with Brown as an apprentice in the *Advertiser* office.)

October 4, 1895.

ARTEMUS WARD'S "DEN."

Dear *Advertiser*.:—I was very much interested in Dr. Bradbury's account of the life of Artemus Ward in Norway.—And right here let me express my appreciation of the Doctor's wonderful sketches of "Norway in the Forties." I have read them with unflagging interest,

Letters of
Artemus
Ward

ever increasing wonder at their accuracy and evidences of painstaking research.—A labor of love surely, but one whose results should be preserved in a more permanent form than in the columns of a weekly newspaper. The old residents of the town owe a debt of gratitude to the author of “Norway in the Forties.”

I was much amused by the Doctor’s description of the little dingy room occupied by “Artemus” in the old *Advertiser* office. How well I recollect the room! It was for a long time my “den” in Norway while printer’s devil in the now famous printing office.

A rickety old cord bedstead, rheumatic and complaining; a straw “tick” of very ancient lineage,—the very one upon which “Artemus” reposed his lengthened limbs; a bottomless chair; a fragment of “looking glass” pasted upon the wall; a bottle or two for candle sticks, made up the furnishing of the room. The remaining space was occupied by a large table or bench, upon which was kept the spare paper for job work and the *Advertiser* for the coming week; disabled old “galleys,” ancient “cases,” the “hell-box,” the “ribs and trucks” of a defunct hand press,—over which we tumbled dark nights,—filled the little room until there was barely space enough for the repose of the lamps of the office!

I well recollect a visit made to the *Advertiser* office by "Artemus" and his brother, (Cyrus, I think,—was he not editor of the *New Bedford Standard*?) As a boy I neglected my "stick" and "copy" to listen to the rich, rare and racy fun of the brothers, sitting in the corner sanctum of "Boss" Millett, who was by no means slow in contributing his share of the quiet humor and brilliant wit.

*Letters of
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The whole office was in an uproar of broad laughter; and I can see the genial Charlie Thompson, the foreman, his long figure convulsed with merriment! "Artemus" was extremely droll, but to my mind, the brother, with his drawling voice and quaint humor, was many laps ahead!

It was about this time that Mark H. Dunnell was a candidate for representative to the Legislature from Norway. He made the "speech of his life" one evening in Denison's Hall, in which he set forth in lurid colors the fearful condition of the country in general, and of Norway in particular! One of the brothers Brown —Cyrus (?) I think, but may have been "Artemus,"—reported the speech for the *Advertiser*. A more telling adverse report was never written. It abounded in ridicule, rollicking fun, and side-splitting jokes. It convulsed the town, and came near defeating the doughty Mark!

I

I

PLAIN DEALER, July 23, 1858.

DEAR CHARLEY :

I have nothing to write about, which accounts for my writing, for if I had anything particular to write about, it would be just like me, as you know, not to write. All right, anyhow.

We are getting along finely, both at the chateau and the office. George takes hold of business readily, and is doing first-rate. Of course we all miss you vastly, but we derive consolation in the belief that you are picking up at the rate of about four pounds and

*Letters of
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Ward*

a half a day, and that you are enjoying yourself amazingly well. So mote it be.

By the way I don't see how you can do all you have to do in two weeks, and if I were you I would extend the trip a week or so longer than you calculated. I am sure your wife takes this view of it. It is none of my business, and that is why I speak of it. I should take my time, and rest assured we will try hard to keep things straight.

Everything is excessively dull. The city seems to be rapidly subsiding into a sort of cow pasture, and will, I think, have to be fenced in soon. Briggs is all right, alternating as usual between gushing gaiety and graveyard glumness. The "Nevvy" has found out all about squares and

that sort of thing, and converses thereon in a startlingly dignified manner. Your wife is quite well—so are Cordelia and Young. As for myself, I can truly say, in the admired language of David Copperfield, that I was “neverberrer.” F. W. goes to Superior next week. Drop us a line telling how you feel, “and also any other information of a commercial and agricultural interest.”

Truly Yrs. ever,

C. F. BROWN.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*



II

II

LIMA, OHIO, Dec. 7th, 1860.

DEAR CHARLIE :

Send all letters, papers, etc. that may have come to me to me at Russell House, Detroit, immediately. I presume Vanity Fair has sent you \$20. Please write me at Detroit immediately, giving all the news. Have had a first-rate time, but may want you to *send that on* soon. Will see at Detroit, and will write you from there.

Ever yours,

C. F. BROWN.

III



III

DETROIT, Dec. 11th, 1860.

DR. CHARLIE :

Your favor with several other favors reached me this evening, and were most gladly read. A man don't know how *good* letters are until he is among strangers, tho. I am scarcely among strangers after all. I find friends all around—enthusiastic ones. Here they are very numerous.

I suspected Griswold would succeed into getting in the P. D. He is quite welcome. I have no jealousy. Twice the salary would not induce me to return now, believe me. Griswold,

*Letters of
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Ward*

Stow and the Deacon! *My God!*—
but fortunately they can't trouble me.
My heart bleeds for *you*. I heard of
a man once who was shut up among
a party of dangerous lunatics and
idiots, but his case wasn't a circum-
stance to yours.

Vanity Fair *should* send you \$20.
I shall write him again. I think
Derby & Jackson will publish for me.
Since I left Cleveland I have had sev-
eral overtures from N. Y. publishing
houses—or rather I found letters from
several on my arrival here. I shall
go on in about a month—perhaps
less.

I have a letter from my mother.
She is deeply afflicted, as I antici-
pated, and her troubles are more nor
what she can endure. She has been
this way before and I guess she'll

come out all straight. She says she hasn't received *a single paper* I sent her containing accounts of my presentation, &co. For God's sake, if you love me, send her a Leader, Plain Dealer and Herald what had said accounts. Direct Mrs. Caroline E. Brown, Waterford, Oxford County, Maine. She says my papers probably went to Waterville, which I cannot understand. Please get the direction right. I am troubling you much but will repay if I ever can.

*Letters of
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Ward*

I paid Hoyt a day or two before I left. I am certain of this. I regret to say that his recollection is not very clear in regard to matters of this kind. I borrowed \$2.00 of him once but when I went to pay him he said he had never loaned it to me! I succeeded in forcing it upon him. He

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

can sculp first rate but his memory fails him in money matters. As for McGuire tell him the Panic has got me, and that I aint worth a d—d or a dollar. Tell him there is some mistake about it.

I have advertised Dodge big here. He told me to sink one hundred and fifty dollars and have sunk it. If anybody can sink a hundred and fifty dollars quicker than I can, I should like to see him. In some respects this trip will do me good. I feel more healthy and I have formed many valuable acquaintances. I will write you again from Jackson or 'long there somewhere. I shall write to "Vanity Fair" at once, about money. Love to Less. Who copies the Wards in the Plain Dealer?

Ever yours Truly,

C. F. BROWN.

IV



IV

CHICAGO, Dec. 22/60.

DEAR CHARLIE :

I have cut loose from the "Concert business." I packed Dodge's baggage very carefully at Niles yesterday, had it safely stored away subject to his order, wrote him that sickness in my family demanded my immediate presence at home, and came on here last night. On the cars I encountered the Chicago Academy of Science, some 100 ladies and gentlemen, who were returning from an excursion to Ann Arbor. They made an immense splurge over me and

*Letters of
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Ward*

elected me an honorary member of the society amidst "loud applause." I returned thanks in a "few brief remarks." The Chicago papers will doubtless have accounts of it. The Society is composed of eminent geologists, astronomers, etc.—first-rate people. Devilish pretty girls among them too. I go to Pittsburgh on Monday—thence to Philadelphia and thence to New York. I have money enough for the present but may want you to send on the "Vanity Fair" fund (I take it for granted Stephens has sent you pay for three letters) at Pittsburgh. I will write you from that place. Just write me *at once*, please, at Pittsburgh, care of "*Chronicle*" office, giving all the news, but don't send the money until I write for it.

- You know what a vindictive devil Dodge is and I expect he will raise a jolly breeze over my leaving him, tho. I can't see wherein I have acted dishonorably. I rely on your assistance in setting me right before my Cleveland friends, provided Dodge (as he may) tries to make them think I acted dishonorably toward him. But the folly—the madness, of continuing with him grew every day more and more apparent, and I determined to cut loose at all hazards. If he is wise he will be satisfied with the explanation I gave him. All this is of course *strictly confidential*, between you and me.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

I have had a nice time during my trip. Have made many valuable friends, seen a new and splendid country, and picked up withal numerous

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

good things. My *last* letter in "Vanity" ("Seeing Forrest") was rather flat, but I think my next one will be fair. It should appear next week.

How are things in Cleveland? What's the news generally? Love to Less—be sure and write me at Pittsburgh on receipt of this—and believe me

Ever yours, Truly

CHARLES F. BROWN.

v

V

Office of VANITY FAIR

113 Nassau Street

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for the Proprietors.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1861.

DEAR CHARLIE:

The letter I sent you several days since doubtless reached you and I hope to get an answer shortly. I now write to ask you to hunt up, cut out and send me my burlesque description of the play of "John Brown," which was brought out about a year since, I think at the Cleveland Theater. Send also in same letter the check Stephens sent to you. I want to bank

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

an even hundred here as a reserve fund, and find I am short that amount.

My book will positively appear in the Spring, published by Derby & Jackson, 498 Broadway, and unquestionably the best house in the city. They sent their agent to me almost as soon as I reached the city, and to-day I had an interview with Mr. Derby. I have not closed with him but he speaks in the most encouraging manner of the enterprise, and they all tell me he will make me a good offer. From his anxiety to publish for me I am confident he regards the success of the book a sure thing. I showed him Hoyt's illustrations and he said they were capital—better far than those in "Vanity Fair." Tell Hoyt this. It was a very high compliment, as Derby is confessedly at the head of the book business here.

I am all right. Get along just as easy as rolling off a log. I dare not tell you all the fine things that have happened to me, for fear you may think I *blow*, but I certainly start out here under brilliant auspices. Instead of *asking* favors they are *offered* to me. Hence a situation was offered me by Vanity Fair and Derby made extra efforts to get me to promise my book to him. This is pleasant.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

By the way Vanity Fair is set up by girls, and printing office is next to the editorial office. They are devilish fine girls, and I took two of them to Bryant's last night, but I am a man of strict honor.

Write soon.

Ever Truly Yours,

C. F. BROWN.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

P. S. Your letter has come to hand. It is utterly unaccountable to me why Gray should have any ill-feeling towards me. But let it slide. Thank you for letter to Brown. Shall see him sure. Since writing the above I've seen Derby again. He wants to see the "Three Tigers of the Cleveland Press." Will you *also* hunt that up and send it. I am a heap of trouble, I know, but can't help it. Will do as much for you if ever I can.

VI

VI

Office of VANITY FAIR

113 Nassau Street

NEW YORK, Jany. 22—1861.

DEAR CHARLIE

Your favor with "draughts" & money is at hand

I am now rooming with the publisher of V. F. at No. 28 East 28th St. We have a parlor, bath-room, closets, fire, gas and breakfast sent to room for \$4. a week each. Our dinners we get down town, a shilling getting a beefsteak pie or a piece of good "baked beef." The accommodations at East 28th St. are really fine,

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Ward*

and better I imagine than could be had in Cleveland for same price. I mention these things so that if you come on here by and by—as I hope you will, come to the office and go home with me. I can keep you like a fighting cock for a few shillings a day. Such beef as we get at Crook & Duffs you never saw since God made you.

Tell “Less” I got his letter and papers by Express. Thanks, will write him soon. He is your Nephew and a ornament to his sex. I see people from the west occasionally. They come up to the office in large numbers sometimes, much to my ~~sorrow~~ gratification.

I’m glad Alphonso is exerting himself, a man ought to for \$6. a week.

I shall go to Fall River Saturday night by boat and may go up to Willimantic, think I shall. The factory owners up there will probably turn out and receive me with the *Band*.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

Write when you get time. Give my love to J. B.* Altho an English wretch he is one of the best men I ever knew and I hope he will live to expectorate on the tombs of all his enemies, if he has any.

“Ever of thee”

A. WARD.

*James Brokenshire, commercial editor of the *Plain Dealer*.

VII

VII

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1861.

DEAR CHARLIE :

Your last came duly to hand. I haven't seen Brown yet — called once but he wasn't in. Shall see him sure.

Tell Jule I have "gone back on" suppers, the vigorous meals I absorb at 3 p. m. daily, being entirely adequate for my sustenance. I "reach for the bread" just as I did in the palmy days of Wilson's tavern, and pour out my own tea — scalded a waiter the other night pretty bad, but he excused me.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

I go east first of March to see Caroline. Going or coming I shall visit Willimantic. Shall go to "Woosup" likewise, as I must see "Orry" and Jenny. [My sister and her husband. — C. E. W.]

Caroline is getting reconciled to my change of location. Her late letters are quite cheerful.

Now I blush as I write it—I feel that I am coming it altogether too strong on you—but *do* hunt up my "Three Tigers of the Cleveland Press" and send it in a letter. The piece was not in the bundle Less. sent. The piece is valuable to me. In short, without the piece I shall be unhappy, and prithee send her on. Set some of the boys in the mailing department to work hunting it up, and my children's children shall lisp

your name with heartfelt affection. Bully Boy! As I was quietly taking some coffee and cakes with Henry Ward Beecher at Smith's in Chatham street, the other night, after the Bowery was out, he accidentally alluded to you. "Wilson," says he, "is a young man of much promise. He is a good bookkeepist and his balance sheets are always correct. I like Wilson." He also spoke of Less. but I am sorry to say he was not very complimentary. "Lester," says Mr. Beecher, "will come to the gallows in about two years if he keeps on." "What do you think of Brokenshire, Henry?" says I. "A good man, Sir," said Mr. Beecher, — "A very good man indeed, tho' he's a d—d Englishman." On getting up Mr. Beecher insisted on allowing me

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Ward*

to pay for the coffee and cakes — 12 cents.

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

I anticipate considerable fun in my forthcoming trip to the East, tho. my stay will necessarily be short.

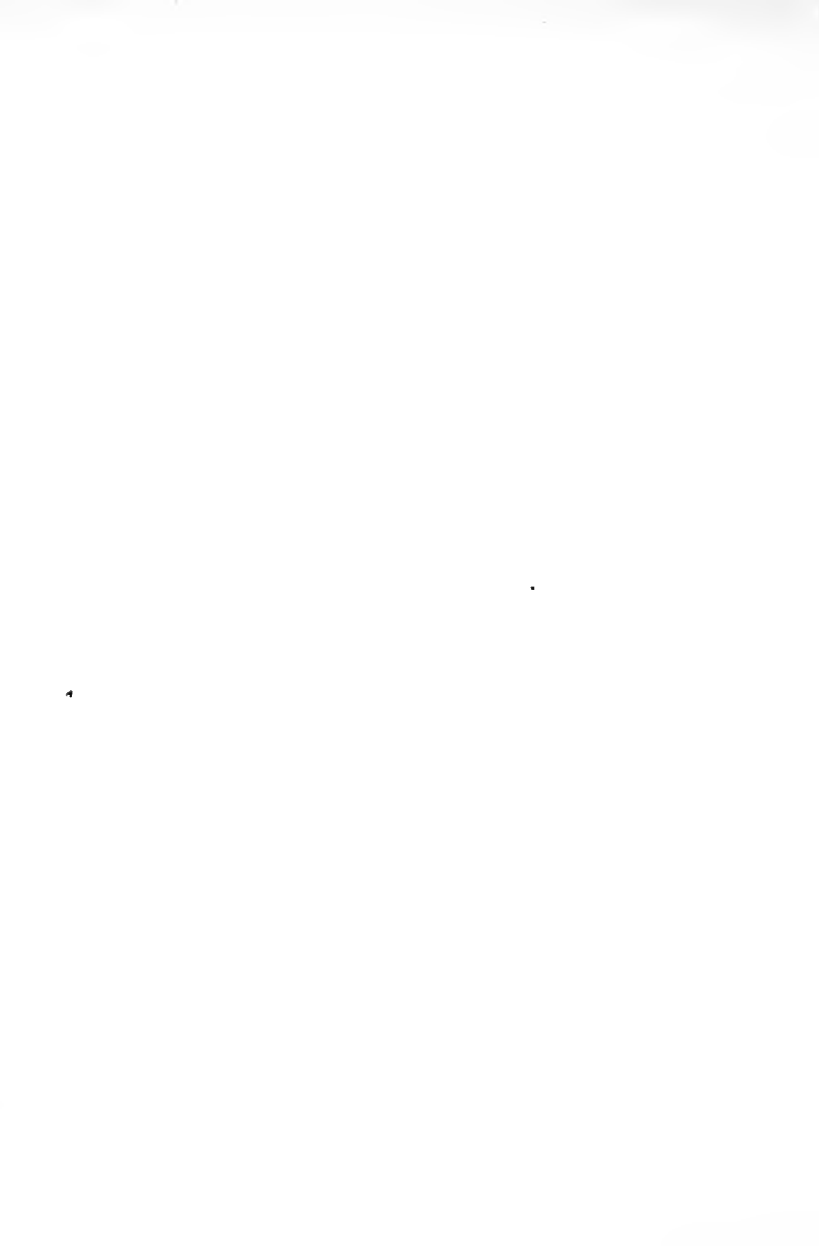
By the way, love to the ever blooming Briggs. Shall write him soon. Did he get the \$16,000,000 and box of jewels I sent him the other day?

Send the "Tigers." I shall soon cease troubling you I hope. And now farewell. A fond embrace. A few natural tears, and some wild groans! There, there, it's over now. Adoo! Adoo!

Your'n ever

A. WARD.

VIII



VIII

NEW YORK, May 16th. 1861.

DEAR CHARLIE :

I must trouble you again. Will you forward my trunk and box at once by U. S. express. If Barney is still identified with that institution perhaps he can "deadhead" them through for me, if it is convenient for you to see him. At all events, please forward at once. I hate to bother you but there is no one else upon whom I can call.

The times are rather severe but we shall weather the gale. My publish-

*Letters of
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Ward*

ers are holding the "Ward" book back in the hope of better times. It would be folly to issue it now. I am now the managing Ed. of "Vanity Fair" and my duties have materially increased. Contrary to my expectation and hope, I shall be unable to visit the West this season. New York is severe on a man's feelings in Summer time, but I think of taking board in Rahway, N. J., for the summer. It is twenty miles distant, a delightful village, and abounds in female society of first-class moral character, the refining influence of which I have already felt. I am popular in Jersey. They like me for my winning ways.

I am making influential friends fast. I have altered my views of some things and have courted the

friendship of men whose friendship is worth having. I have eschewed fast society and was never so steady in my life. Indeed, I am compelled to be. Promptness and faithfulness in business here are implicitly demanded. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that a man can raise the d—l in New York and still occupy a responsible business position. I have not made anything stunningly gorgeous in the way of money, but I believe my prospects are good. I should be rejoiced to see you here, and to pay back a few of the many kindnesses you have shown me in “the happy days ago.”

*Letters of
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Ward*

I am more and more convinced that I acted wisely in leaving Cleveland. I had accomplished all I could

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Artemus
Ward*

there. It is a wild, mad jumble here, but those who take care of themselves usually come out all right.

Love to the office generally. I sincerely and very deeply sympathise with Brokenshire in his great misfortune. I never read of any similar accident which affected me so much. I thought of writing him a letter of condolence but hesitated for fear it might be out of place to do so. I respect him far more than he may have been led to believe by my eccentric bearing towards him. He is a *man*, and I have often envied him the noble qualities of head and heart with which he is so decidedly gifted. You must sadly miss his sunny presence in the office. I hope he is improving fast—I know he bears it gallantly, hopefully—like a true man as

he is. Will you do me the favor to tell him how sincerely I sympathise with him?

I suppose Less. is with you yet, or is he in the P. D.? He seems to have forgotten me. Tell him either to write or go to the d—l.

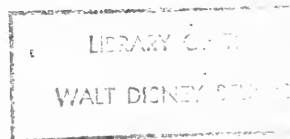
How's J. W.? and the deacon? and Gris? Stow and the rest. I see Bonton occasionally. He speaks in the most *flattering* manner of Gray.

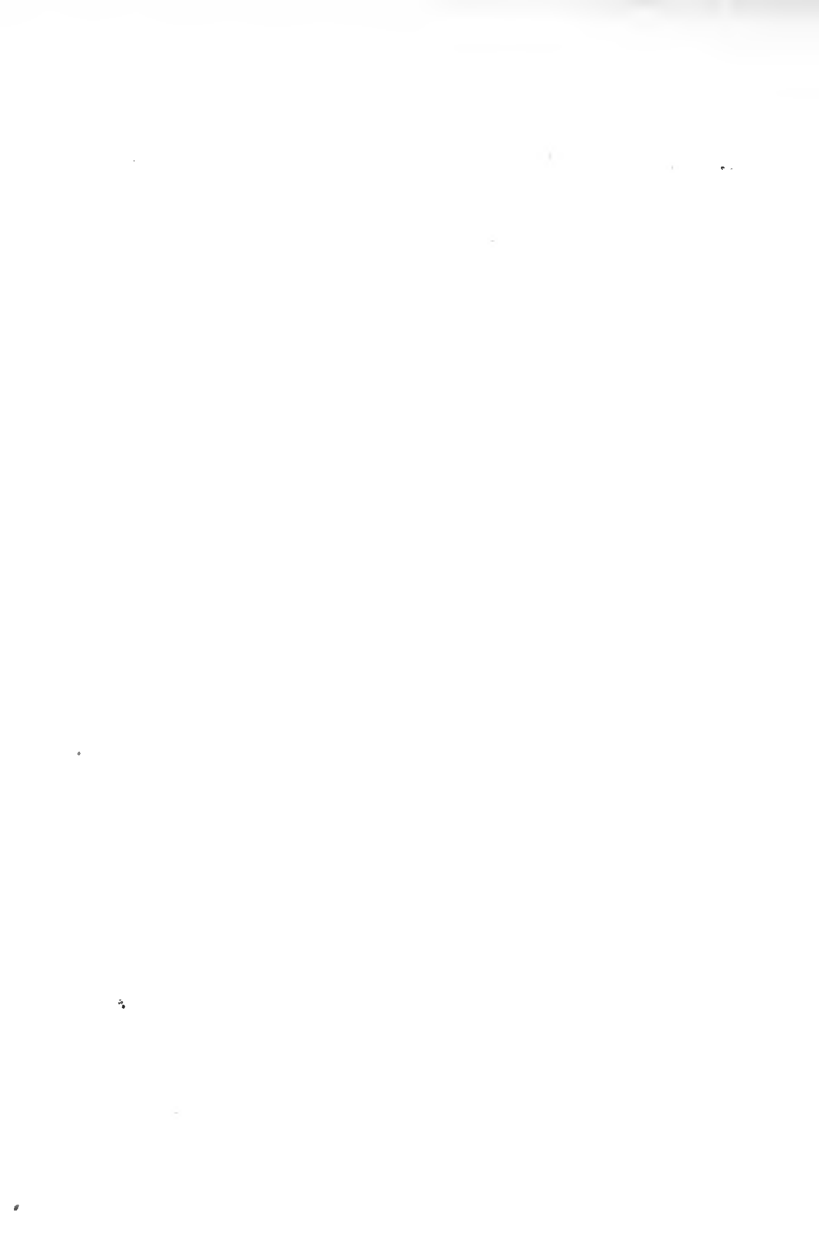
Please attend to the request expressed in the beginning of this—write a good long letter—and believe me

Yours Ever

CHARLES F. BROWN.

*Letters of
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Ward*







IX

NEW YORK, May 24, 1861.

DEAR CHARLIE:

The trunk and box reached me all O.K. yesterday. I am very much obliged to you. It didn't occur to me when I wrote, as it has since, that the getting of the things to the express office might subject you to some expense. If it cost anything send "bill" or ch'g till I see you. I have bothered you a good deal, and I hope you understand that you can draw on me *ad libitum* for any favors I can do you here. Will tear my shirt for you if necessary.

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Ward*

Although I am straight as a string generally my passion for females is alas! as strong as ever, and I fall in love with a rapidity that would be appalling if I wasn't so well acquainted with myself. Haven't got into any scrapes yet, tho. I've had some "narrer scrapes." New Jersey is a nice place and if you will come down I'll show you some gay females whose parents are wealthy and live on the fat of the land.

New York is beginning to scorch some. Truly say it is blazing hot here in the summer. So I shall hie me away to Jersey ere long, amid flowers, lambkins and the pretty little birds. Well, I will, hoss.

Is it a fact that Hoyt the sculptist has gone to the wars? I don't know how it is, but something within tells

me, in a still small voice, that I am
better adapted for the Home Guard
than anything else. I hope to hear
from you soon, and am

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

Ever Yours Truly

CHARLES F. BROWN.

X

X

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1861.

DEAR CHARLIE :

I got home a week ago, hale and hearty. I was in Cortland, N. Y., four days, and as I had written Stephens I was going there, he sent me \$10 there instead of at Cleveland, though I had not requested him to do so. It was fortunate he did, as I should have been broke. I am forced much against my inclination, to ask an extension on the money you loaned me for a very few weeks. A few days before I left here I took my money from the bank (\$100) and loaned it to a responsible party for

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Ward*

three months, and I have nothing but my salary to fall back upon. In a very short time—say four weeks—I will square your acc't. *But* if you must have it before then, say so, and I will raise it for you or perish in the attempt. So much for that. I feel first-rate. My trip did me good. I had a great time at Cortland. Everything was lovely.

New York is lively enough for practical purposes, the many rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

In regard to those orders on the Mercantile and Westchester, I have not seen the latter yet. I called on the former. He was angry and said it had done him more harm than good. Among other remarks he said "d—n the papèrs, all of 'em!" I said "Certainly," but invited his atten-

tion to the fact that his signature was attached to the document in a regular business way, and that I couldn't well perceive how he could repudiate. He said I might come and board it out, but as his face was flushed with anger, I don't think I shall. I am afraid he would make it too lively for me. But I may be able to sell the orders. If I do not I will enclose them to you. Please do not say anything about my being your debtor. Of course you wouldn't, but I am sensitive on these matters. If I ever start on another pleasure tour without plenty of money I hope somebody will kick me in the rear severely. Kind regards to Jule, Less, &c. & believe me

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Ward*

Yours Ever

Write soon.

C. F. BROWN.

XI

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1862.

DEAR CHARLIE:

I got your letter and those you forwarded at Pittsburgh. From Pittsburgh I went to Philadelphia, where I met Dixey of Sanford's troupe, who made me stay two days with him at his house. He lives in elegant style, has a nice wife and little girl, and altogether I never spent a happier two days. All the railroad fare I had to pay between Chicago and New York was 75 cents from Brunswick, N. J. The conductor to that point "deadheaded" me at the special

*Letters of
Artemus
Ward*

request of S. S. Sanford, "delineator of negro character." So you see it is a good thing sometimes to have friends among "nigger singers." In addition to this good luck I must mention that Ed. Bacon, formerly of C. & P. R. R. and now general ticket agt. at Pittsburgh, gave me a diamond ring worth \$60 when I parted with him. Well, here I am at last. I arrived at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning and went to bed. Got up at 1 and went up town. Couldn't see anybody and felt blue. Went to bed early. Got up this morning and went to "Vanity Fair" office. Good fellows—glad to see me. Talked ten minutes with them and made a permanent engagement at \$20 a week as one of the editors of the paper. Mr. Leland is editor-in-chief. First rate fellow, I

judge. I am to be there promptly at 10 ock a. m. and go away at half-past three. I am to read all the exchanges and cut out everything of which anything can be made. Am to write what I want to and "Wards" when I feel like it. As you will see this will consume only a small portion of my time, and I can doubtless make ten dollars or so a week extra writing for other papers. At least I am told I can. I shall board where I now am (the Western Hotel) for the present—\$7 a week with good room. I think I can live cheaper than this when I learn the ropes, but the landlord is a particular friend of mine and will treat me princely. I am already on the free-list at the minstrels and circus. Shall "fetch" the theaters directly. Shall keep

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away from the harlots for the present, as I satisfied myself in this respect while on my western tour. I have thus told you all about myself. I am certainly a lucky cuss. I don't understand it myself, but it is so. Things are new to me here now, and I shall proceed cautiously. But as soon as I get started I will make things whiz, so to speak. I intend to know everybody on Broadway in about six months. I shall withhold my book for the present, until the d—d panic subsides. Have you heard from Dodge yet? Is he "howling" anywhere, yet? I shall write him a long, explanatory letter tomorrow. I am speaking of myself principally in this letter, I see, but I know you feel an interest in my movements, and I feel so elated over

my prospects that I restrain a little self-glorification. Give my love to Less. Tell him he's a splen-fellow in legal point of view. I heard of him in a foreign land. I may go to Fall River in a few weeks to see my brother, in which case I shall go over to Connecticut and see the folks.

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Wont you have this published in the P. Dealer :

 CHARLES F. BROWN—This gentleman, widely known as the former local of this paper, has at last reached New York and joined the editorial corps of Vanity Fair.

As I don't like to make the request myself, I will feel obliged if you will copy the above and hand it in. There are several reasons why I don't wish to ask a favor of Griswold.

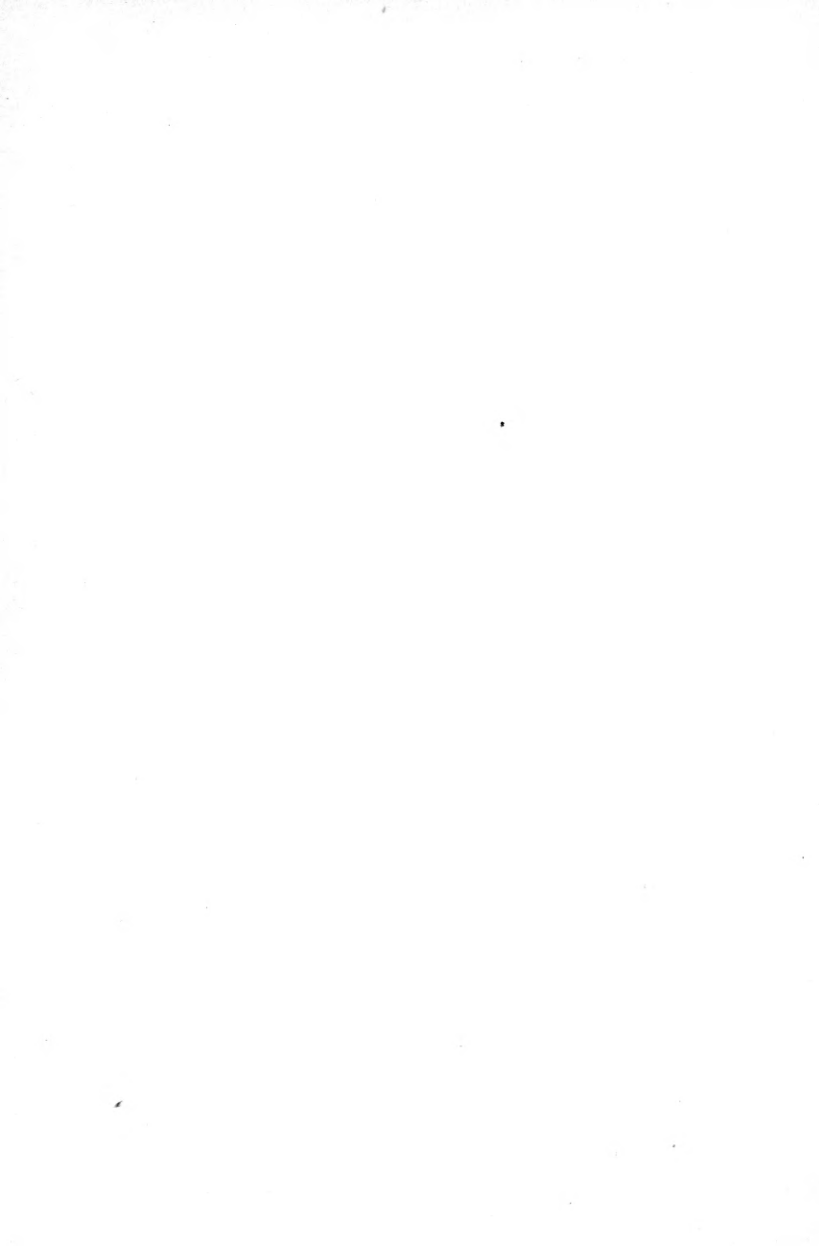
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The check you received from
Stephens please keep until I call for
it. Write me soon, all the news.
Kind regards to Jule and the baby,
and believe me

Ever Yours

C. F. BROWN.

(Please send paper to me contain-
ing above notice.)







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